Harry to *Harry*, ſhall not Horſe to Horſe
Meete, and ne're part, till one drop downe a coarſe:
Oh, that *Glendower* were come.

Ver. There is more newes,
I learned in *Worceſter*, as I rode along,
He cannot draw his power this fourteene dayes.

Dowg. Thats the worſt tydinges, that I heare of yet.

Wor. I by my fayth, that beares a frosty ſound.

Hot. What may the Kinges whole Battell reach vnto?

Ver. To thirtie thouſand.

Hot. Fourtie let it be.
My Father and *Glendower* being both away,
The powers of vs, may ſerue ſo great a day.
Come, let vs take a Muſter ſpeedily,
Doomes day is neere, die all, die merrily.

Dowg. Talke not of dying, I am out of feare
Of death or deaths hand, for this one halfe yeere. *Exeunt.*

Enter Falſtaffe and Bardoll.

Falſ. *Bardoll*, get thee before to *Couentry*, fill mee a bottle of Sacke, our Souldiers ſhall march through; Weele to *Sutton-cop-hill* to night.

Bar. Will you giue me money Captaine?

Falſ. Lay out, lay out.

Bar. This Bottle makes an Angell.

Falſ. And if it do, take it for thy labour, and if it make twentie, take them all I'le anſwere the coynage; bid my Lieutenant *Peto* meete me a Townes end.

Bar. I will Captaine: farewell, *Exit.*

Falſ. If I be aſhamed of my Souldiers, I am a ſowſt Gurnet; I haue miſuſed the Kinges Preſſe damnably. I haue got in exchange of 150. Souldiers, 300. & odde pounds. I preſſe me none but good Houſholders, Yeomens ſonnes, inquire me out contracted Batchelers, ſuch as had been askt twice on the Banes; ſuch a commoditie of warme ſlaues, as had as leiue heare the Diuell as a Drumme, ſuch as feare the report of a Caliuer, worſe then a ſtrook-foole, or a hurt Wild-ducke: I, preſt me none but ſuch Toſts and Butter, with heartes in their bellies no bigger then Pins heads, and they haue bought out their ſeruiſes: and

now

now, my whole charge conſiſtes of Ancients, Corporals, Li
tenants, Gentlemen of companies, Slaues as ragged as *Laza*
in the painted Cloth where the Gluttons Dogs licked his ſo
and ſuch as indeed were neuer Souldiers, but diſcarded vn
Seruingmen, yonger Sonnes to yonger Brothers, reuolted T
ſters and Oſtlers trade-falne, the Cankers of a calme world,
long peace, ten times more diſhonorable ragged, then an
faczde Ancient; and ſuch haue I to fill vp the roomes of th
as haue bought out their ſeruices, that you would thinke, th
had a hundred and fiftie tottered Prodigals, lately come f
Swine-keeping, from eating draffe and huskes. A madd fel
met me on the way, and told me I had vnloaded all the gibb
and preſt the dead bodies. No eye hath ſeene ſuch Skar-cro
Ile not march through *Couentry* with them, that's flat: nay,
the villaines march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gy
on, for indeed, I had the moſt of them out of Priſon; there's
a Shirt and a halfe in all my company, and the halfe Shi
two Napkins taekt togeather, and throwne ouer the ſhoul
like a Hearalds coate without ſleeues; and the Shirt to ſay
truth, ſtolne from my Hoſt of *S. Albones*, or the Red-noſ
keeper of *Dauintry*: but that's all one, they'le finde Li
enough on euery Hedge,

Enter the Prince, and the Lord of Weſtmerland.

Prin. How now blowne Iacke? how now Quilt?

Fal. What *Hal*? How now mad wag, what a diuell doſt
in *Warwick-ſhire*? My good L. of *Weſtmerland*, I cry you me
thought your honour had already bin at *Shrewesburie*.

Weſt. Fayth, *Sir Iohn*, t'is more then time that I were t
and you too; but my powers are there already: the King
tell you, lookes for vs all; we muſt away all night.

Fal. Tut, neuer feare tell me, I am as vigilant as a Cat, to
Creame.

Prin. I thinke to ſteale Creame indeed, for thy theft ha
ready made thee butter: but tell me, *Iacke*, whoſe fellow
theſe that come after?

Falſ. Mine *Hal*, mine.

Prin. I did neuer ſee ſuch pittifull raſcals.

Falſ. Tut, tut, good enough to toſſe, food for powder